

The Country-Man's Fare-vvel to L O N D O N. O R, A Broad-side against Pride.

Let's stem the Tide, though *vanity* be grown,
A *Torrent* that quite over-whelms the Town;
Though horrid *Atheism*, and *Bawdy* fits,
Are thought the noblest *flights* of *modern Wits*,
Yet thou, *free muse*! who always didst disdain
To bear a part in the *illustrious Train*
Of *thriving Vice*; may'st with deserved *Rhymes*
Bleed (whilst the *Dog-days* last) our *Brain-sick* times:
But stay — To charm these *Adders* don't engage,
Satyrs are thrown away on such an *Age*;
Heaven in loud *Judgements* has proclaim'd it's ire,
Sad Wars, dire *Plagues*, and all-amazing *Fire*,
Yet *Wars*, nor *Plagues*, nor *Fire* can us restrain,
But still we grow more *giddy*, still more *vain*;
And think'st thou with soft *scratches* of a *Pen*
For to reclaim such *brutified Men*,
They'r resolutely *Deaf*, and it appears,
Before they'l bear, *thunder* must bore their *Ears*.

Pride, that at first made *divels*, now has hurl'd
It's bane on men, and *diveliz'd* the *World*,
Humility is banisht, and we meet
Whole *swarms* of *Lucifers* in every *street*;
See how the haughty *dust* and *ashes* wa'ks
As if he could *unhinge* the *Poles*; and *talks*
Such *Hogan Mogan* words, as might our-vye
(Were they but true) the *Laws* of *Destiny*;
Our shaggy *Gallants* with prodigious *Locks*,
(Supplies of thatch blown off by early *Pox*)
Appear like *Hairy Comets*, that fore-show
Effminated Follies Overthrow;
Our *Swaggerers* with *Arms a Kembo Huffe*,
And all must give the wall to *Monsieur Passe*,
That walking *Mercers* shop, a thing that owes
His very *Essence* to *New-fashion'd cloaths*,
And *them* to some confiding *Stitch*, who must
As long as *Drapers* for *Nolls mourning* trust;
Poor painted *Butter-Flies*, whose souls scarce save
Their *Corps* from stinking, on this side a *Grave*;
Who can but laugh, to see these pert *Buffoons*
With empty *Pockets*, but *vast Pantaloon*s:
Whose *dangling poynts* rattle about their *Trouzes*
Like *Hen and Chickens* in our *Country Houses*:
Their *Copper Hat-bands* counterfeiting *gold*,
And fresh *New Long-Lane Suits* some ten years old,
Whole *Lord-ships* laid on *up-start Squires* back,
And *Sunday-Cloak* that makes a whole *Shop crack*;
Are these, *proud Fool*! thy ways to gain *repute*,
T'undo thy self for credit of a *Suit*?

Reason directs our *Cloaths* to regulate,
Suiting our *birth*, our *breeding*, or *estate*,
For he that *Flaunts* beyond his *pedigree*,
Forgets his *home-spun Parents*, and must be
The mark of *Envies* shot; he that does wear
A braver *Garb* than his *weak Purse* can bear,
Undoes his *children*; and the *Gawdy Fopp*,
Whose unbecoming *Fineries* o're-top,
His *course* mechanick parts, do what he can,
Is but a *gay incongruous gentleman*;
Nor may we less of th'other *Sex* complain,
Who think it their just *priviledge* to be *vain*;
Idols, that half their *precious minutes* pass
Between the *Dressing-box* and *Looking-glass*,
Whilst the short *residue's* squandered away
I'th wanton *bed*, vain *visits*, or a *play*;
Like *speckled Serpents* some of them appear,
And even borrow the *faces* that they wear,
March under *vices colours*, patch and *Paint*,
whitewash and *Daub* to make the *Devil* seem *Saint*,
D.sguis'd with *fuzzled Towers* they look like *Bulls*,
But plant the *horns* of t on their *Husbands skulls*;
With *rowling Eyes* they walk, and *powdered crests*,
Wanton affected *Gate*, and *pumped breasts*,
Whose *paning* and *inviting motions* show
Too plain how much a *stray* their *fancies* go.

Not is it only the *profaner Crew*
That these soul-murdering *vanities* pursue
Those that pretend unto far better things,
We find of late this growing *Serpent* stings;
They will like *Dinah* too view *Hamors Land*,
And with his *Daughters* in like *fashions* stand,
Oh! why, *dear souls*, will you so much decline
Sobriety, which once did make you *shine*
I'th eyes of *God*, of *Saints*, and of the *world*,
Without your *rawdry dresses*, or *Locks curl'd*,
Suits your *profession* with fond *Toys* and *laces*?
Your *wiggs* and *Fanns*, and *Hoods* like *spotted faces*?
Your *Mag-pye gowns*, and *fagotted up sleeves*,
Wherein your *guilty arms* are bound like *Thieves*;
For shame forbear, the *wise King* tells you all
A *proud and haughty mind* fore-runs a *Fall*;
Leave off your *gawdy Trifles* and *strange dress*,
Lest *God* refuse to know you in *distress*;
And then strip of your *wanton plumes* you must,
Do rueful *pennance* in *Sack* *eloath* and *dust*.

FINIS. *with Allowance.*